

## Fixing My Mistake

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Summary: Percy suffered a great loss during the Giant war, but he has the chance to change that. Will he be able to save a live or have the Fates already decided. Alternate Universe, Original Characters.

## Fixing My Mistake

**\*\*Hey guys. Sorry for my last story, but I had a good idea, I posted it, and then i realized i had no idea how to continue. Hopefully, This story is better. Review if you would like for me to continue.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own PJO or HOO\*\***

The wind blew at Percy's back, making him shiver. He stuck his hand in his pockets and tried to ignore  
>the chill working its way up his spine.<p>

The clearing was empty. That's why they had chosen this spot. He glanced around, taking in the surrounding pine trees, the green grass, the dark clouds. The birds had gone south for the winter, leaving the skies quiet and empty. The only noise was the howling of the wind.

Percy sat on the grass and looked at the headstone in front of him. It was small, etched with flowers and patterns, the color a stormy grey.

He came every Saturday, the one day he could take off from Camp. Clarisse would do his duties, something he was extremely grateful for. She knew how much he was hurting and she respected the fact that he needed time to heal.

"It's been a good week," he started, skipping the hellos to which there would be no response. "The rebuilding has been going great. We've been able to fix up eighteen cabins from scratch now that the Romans are helping. We've been getting along great. They also started

fixing other parts of Camp. The pavilion is as good as new. They fixed the crack Nico made.  
>He's fine, by the way. He's been getting his color back. I haven't seen him this healthy since Bianca was alive. Maybe it's Reyna or Will, could be both."<p>

Percy chuckled, shaking his head. The bond Nico had formed with them was strong, something Percy hadn't seen in awhile.

"I'm happy for him. You would be, too. I'm pretty sure he's visited you. Still, he misses you. We all doâ€|

Anyways, Tyson came over on Thursday. He brought news from Dad. Says that the ocean monsters that Gaea let loose have been subdued. He also said he'll be heading over to Camp Jupiter to help Rachel and Ella with the Sybill Books.

He wants to come see you, but I don't think he would be able to handle it. With you and Leo gone, it's been hard keeping things together.

Jason has kept his promise to Kym. He's been up and about, assuring that all gods and goddesses are given respect. Piper, well, she's supporting him in every way. She's also the one who makes sure he doesn't overwork himself.

>Hazel and Frank are at Camp Jupiter. They don't come as much, Frank with his praetor duties and her with her centurion ones.<br>And Thomas, h- "

Suddenly, there was a yell, and Percy jumped to his feet. He uncapped Riptide, only to see it was a group of kids a few years younger than him. They were jumping and running and carrying coolers with them. Figures.

Sitting back down, he started thinking of how different their lives were. He would worry about monsters and dying, whereas their problems would be whether or not they got caught drinking.

"Maybe you would have lived if we were normal. The Fates wouldn't have branded you as a hero. You could have lived your life."

Percy could feel his eyes prickling. He wasn't surprised. They always did that when he came.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault. If I hadn't had my stupid nosebleedâ€|"

He couldn't continue. He had failed her. He had promised to take care of her, and he let her down. It felt like he sat there for ages, crying silently, his shoulders shaking, before he felt someone wiping his tears away.

"Percy? It's getting late. We should head back to Campâ€| We can come again next week."

Percy opened his eyes. Annabeth was in front of him, worried eyes and blonde hair up in a bun. Annabeth smiled at him and cupped his face.

"Are you okay, Seaweed Brain?"

"Yeah, can I just say good bye?"

"Of course. I'll wait with Blackjack."

She gave his forehead a quick kiss, squeezed his hand, and walked away.

>He watched until he could no longer see her, then turned back to the headstone.<p>

"I guess I'm leaving, but you heard Annabeth, I'll be back next week."

He got up slowly. He turned to leave, but before he did he took out a bag of blue cookies from his pocket.

"Almost forgot about these. Hope you like them. I baked them myselfâ€| Night, love you, sis."

\*\*Bet you didn't see that coming. See you guys next week.\*\*

End  
file.